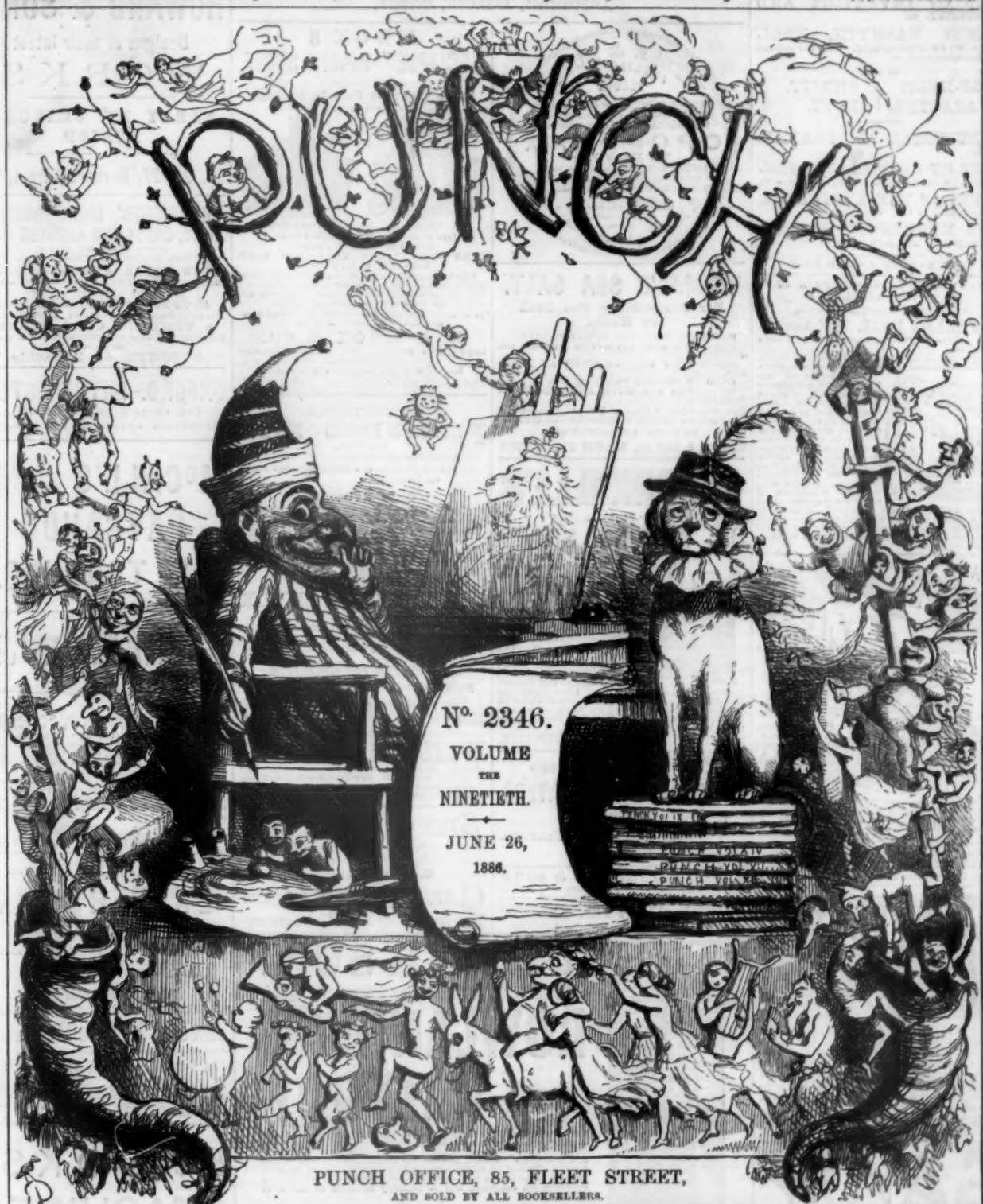


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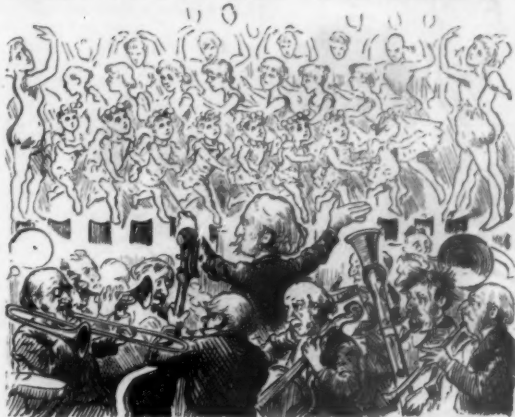
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WHATEVER the Crystal Palace is, it certainly is not "No Manns Land," for Mr. MANNS with his band reign supreme. "The Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mr. MANNS' excellent band, MENDELSSOHN'S music, KATTI LANNER'S children, Mr. STEDMAN'S boys, Mr. FERNANDEZ'S company, and Mr. OSCAR BARRETT'S assistance, was excellent. The musical portion of the entertainment was



absolutely faultless. Madame KATTI LANNER'S pupils danced as well as ever, and insisted upon introducing their talented instructress into Act II. Miss ALMA MURRAY was a picturesque *Titania*, and Mr. FERNANDEZ as *Bottom*, the amateur player, reminded me of PHELPS, but was not sufficiently idiotic. The representative of *Puck* was perhaps too pantomimic, but on the whole the show could not possibly have been better.

JACK'S DOG; OR, THE MAN WHO SHOT IT!

TAKE *Le Testament de Cesar Girardot* as a sound foundation; scatter over scraps from AUGIER and SANDEAU; add the whole of the will scene, word for word, sentiment for sentiment, and business for business, from BULWER LYTTON'S *Money*; jerk in scraps from *Good for Nothing*, two Bohemians quarrelling over a good-hearted girl; garnish with scenes from immortal dog dramas, and there you have the new and original four-act comedy, *Jack*. There are some pretty bits in it, but they are all borrowed; there are some strong scenes, but they are all plagiarised. The only satisfaction to be derived from *Jack* is the definite discovery of the man who really did shoot the dog. We have got him at last. He is not *Jack*, but *Jack's* friend, a vulgar, low-minded reprobate, who pretends to be a Bohemian, and acts with incomprehensible ingratitude that would disgrace a savage. *Jack* and his friend live together. They rescue *Nan*, and both love her. *Jack's* friend wins *Nan*, and *Jack* wipes away a manly tear. The successful suitor comes unexpectedly into a fortune, whereupon he insults *Nan*, cuts his Bohemian pals, and shoots *Jack's* dog. *Jack*, disgusted, sneaks back to his attic, and finds *Nan* awaiting him. They foregather, and naturally discover that *Jack* is the real heir, and not *Jack's* friend.

The dog is dead—but no matter, for the play is ended. It is interesting chiefly from the fact that Miss DOROTHY DENE has had another chance, and availed herself of it. *Nan*, in *Good for Nothing*, is not her line at all. She is not a simple, quaint, sympathetic actress, fortified with tricks of art that only experience can give. She has heart, she has voice, she has power, as we saw the other day at the Greek plays. A girl who can play *Cassandra* should not waste her time on a diluted *Nan*, or give her fresh, young energy to a programme that begins with plagiarism, and ends with fustian. It can do a clever young lady like Miss DOROTHY but little good to be seen in Dean Street, when such an appropriated original play as *Jack* is followed by one more tedious imitation of HENRY IRVING, and still another empty echo of MOWBRAY MORRIS'S played-out joke of the critics, the chicken, and the champagne! A young actor, or actress, does a distinctly unwise thing when lending influence to any entertainment initiated on frivolity, and based on bad taste. The acting of both ESEN PLYMPTON and DOROTHY DENE is too good to be wasted on dog comedies and doggerel burlesques. Mr. HENLEY was once strong at the Gaiety in a very brief Irvingesque imitation, but is now, in view perhaps of Regatta time, Henley Weak.

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and beaux: | *Queen Anne*!

QUITE A NEW PINT.

Is there any seer who can see into the middle of next week?
Then he has insight enough, perhaps, to read between the lines of
the subjoined transcript from the "Personal" column of the *Times*:—

"NOTICE.—Burton.—Shakspeare.—ROBERT BURTON having been, in all
probability, the author of the writings known as Shakspeare's, all BOOKS,
&c., used by him, will have a peculiar value, and should be carefully
PRESERVED."

There was good strong ale in QUEEN BASS'S time, but we refuse
to believe that the Divine WILLIAMS owed inspiration to draughts of
Burton.

Mem. by a Martyr.

(Whilst listening to a long After-dinner Speech.)

AH me! in life's race, on a Crack or a Screw,
There are chances a many, and tricks not a few,
That keep us as winners from scoring.
For "pulling" and "roping," and other base acts,
The world social penalties sternly exacts;
Oh, would there were one upon "boring"!

NORTH V. SOUTH.—The *Daily News* Correspondent, recording
Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech in the Edinburgh Music Hall—it ought to
have been a song—on Friday night, says: "It was a sultry June
evening." Was it? Not in the Sunny South—meaning London:
not a bit of it. We were putting on our wraps and great-coats,
ordering Christmas cards, and looking forward to a week's skating.

KING THEEBAW'S "Sacred Hairy Family," now being exhibited
at the Pall-Mall Gallery, is an illustration of the respect which that
Monarch and his subjects paid to the Hairedditary Hairy-stocracy.

"BAD TO BEAT" is the title of Captain HAWLEY SMART'S latest
Novel. The heroine is whacked by her husband, who gets punished.
Moral—It's "bad to beat." N.B. We have not yet read the book.

THE JOLLY ANGLERS.



Churchill (to Chamberlain). "I SAY, OLD FELLOW, WE WON'T INTERFERE WITH ONE ANOTHER'S SWIMS."
 Harcourt (with "Gladstone" lob-worm). "I THINK THE GRAND OLD BAIT WILL CATCH 'EM."

Ch-mb-rl-n. Humph! Didn't expect to go a-fishing again quite so soon, and in *this* weather too. But must make the best of it. All the fault of GL-DST-NE, who has upset our last "kettle of fish" completely—confound him! Wish he would "take his hook" and leave matters to me. As it is I must fish against him. Well, we

shall see which of us has the most killing bait. BR-GHT knows a bit about this sort of sport, and he backs my chance. Don't quite like the waters though, they are troubled ones, and the wind seems shifty. Much rather have waited till later in the Season. (Sighs.) H-re--rt. Ha! JOE looks a bit bothered. (Chuckles fatly.)

Turning over his flies in a regular tantrum. (*Wags his head.*) Perky Piscator regrets his precipitancy, I fancy. (*Winks.*) Sweet on his new tackle—very, but not quite sure of his basket. Shall stick to the Grand Old Bait myself—for this match. Finer and fatter lob I never saw. Ought to tickle 'em up. Fancy it will fetch 'em after all, and then—(*Chuckles.*)

H-r-t-n-g-t-n. Beastly bother, turning out this time of the year. Prefer turf to stream myself, but G. is so impulsive. Don't quite like fishing against him, but really can't stand his style any longer. Wonder how I shall get on with this lot. Rather mixed! Expect I shall have to out Angling Club altogether, and try my own hook. (*Groans.*)

Ch-rch-ll (aside). Here we are again! And what a company! Who'd have thought, six months ago, of us four meeting as an angling party? Great larks, though they hardly seem to see it, I must say. JOE looks fierce, HARTY uncomfortable, and even JUMBO less complacent than usual, though he is smiling so fatly over his "lob." Fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind. Wonder how much fellow-feeling there is between the four of us. Well, I'm all right. Got a most killing bait of my own, which I shall just keep dark for awhile. (*Aloud.*) Oh, I say, you fellows, it's quite understood that we're not to interfere with each other's swims, eh?

Omnes (gloomily). Hm-m-m-m!!!

Ch-rch-ll (aside). Four Jolly Anglers We! Yes, we look it, don't we?

THE TWO OPERAS.

In "*The Garden*,"—*Rigoletto* showed us what Mlle. ELLA RUSSELL could do, and how high she could go when *Gilda* disappears into the attic storey—a most dram-attic storey, in view of what takes place there—in the second scene of Act I. Signor D'ANDRADE played the *Fool* within measurable distance of perfection; and he can sing too, which is much in this part, the thoroughly satisfactory combination of acting and singing being rare.

Signor MARINI was *Il Duca*—a very ill *Duca*—yet he had an exceptional triumph over all other *Dukes* that I've ever heard, and that was, that his *La Donna è Mobile* fell hopelessly flat. For the rest, it was a good performance; and as to the *mise en scène*, I was able, with deep emotion, to exclaim, "Scenes of my childhood! once more I behold ye!" Can Signor LAGO inform me whether the terms of the leases held by *Rigoletto* and his neighbour *Conte de Caprano* compel them to paint their houses within and without every seven years? If so, neither of them has done it.

Un Ballo in Maschera is to be performed again. It deserved the encore, and ought to draw a very big house.

On Saturday *La Traviata* was given. ALBANI's acting as *Violetta*, especially in the Second Act, was very fine. As to her singing, *cela va sans dire*,—though, by the way, if it did, the result would have been songs without words.

In "*The Lane*,"—The Expert, "NIBELUNGLET," says:—"The revival, last week, of Mr. GORING THOMAS's first operatic success, *Esmeralda*, was very welcome. Miss GEORGINA BURNS played the heroine, and Mr. LESLIE CROTTY acted the pathetic part of *Quasimodo* as heretofore. His singing in the last Act previous to his being made 'King of the Fools,' by the merry beggars, was touching in the extreme. Mr. BARTON MCGUCKIN as the military hero, *Phœbus*, and Mr. JAMES SAUVAGE as the evilly disposed monk *Frollo*, were both more than satisfactory, while the music of the opera is fascinating from beginning to end. The critics say it is 'very French.' By that they presumably mean that it is a contrast to the Anglo—not to say Double—Dutch strains of *Colomba* and *The Troubadour*." I may add that, from a dramatic point of view, Mr. MCGUCKIN shone as *Phœbus*, an extraordinary instance of *Phœbus* shining at night; and that Mr. SAUVAGE's *Claude Frollo* is one of the best things he has done, which, perhaps, is not saying very much.

Seeing the patronage bestowed on musical performances everywhere, and the discrimination shown by the mixed audiences, it is a puzzle to me how it seems to be taken as settled, that an Opera Company Limited, with an English and Italian season, would not pay a dividend, and that the shares would soon be going for a mere song? The great experience and the praiseworthy energy of Mr. CARL ROSA, mark him out as the Managing Director of such an enterprise, and with a few good financial names on the



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

The Professor. "HOW SINGULARLY YOU AND YOUR BROTHER RESEMBLE EACH OTHER, MISS ANGELINA!"

Miss Angelina. "IS THAT A COMPLIMENT TO MY BROTHER, OR A COMPLIMENT TO ME?"

The Professor. "OH, A COMPLIMENT TO NEITHER, I ASSURE YOU!"

Board, a good company on the boards could be started. If Mr. ROSA can make a profit year after year, surely a well conducted commercial company working in town and country, ought to be a paying concern. Madame PATTI might leave her Welsh rabbits, and take a large interest in such a scheme!

NIBBS.

A GREAT BOON.

"THE Lord's Day" in London has come to be exclusively "The Day of the Lords;" that is, of the Upper Classes, who have only to spend their money and command their amusement. But for the Artisan, for the respectable Working-Man and his family, it is indeed a day of rest from labour, but it is a rest without recreation, wearying rather than refreshing. The *Daily Telegraph* of last Saturday proposed the opening of "The Colinderies" free of charge on Sundays. What possible objection can there be to this? A simple organisation will provide that this boon to the genuine Working-Man shall not entail extra compulsory labour on a single official, nor offend a single conscientious scruple. Mr. PUNCH has not, just now, the space at command to allow him to go into the *pros* and *cons* of the question, but he refers his readers to the plea for the millions in the *Daily Telegraph* of June 19th; and to that proposition therein contained he begs to say ditto.

PUNCH.

THE VICAR OF BRAY REDIVIVUS.—There was a difficulty last Sunday among the Churchmen, for it was a Double Festival. The anniversary of the QUEEN'S Accession fell on Trinity Sunday. Church and State Clergy were mightily perplexed. The *Æsthetic* Archbishop did his best to serve two masters, but the Rev. E. A. HUMPHREYS, of Cambridge, triumphed over all obstacles by composing a Hymn which celebrated the dual festival in one devout and loyal verse. This Reverend Gentleman is a real Unionist, not an Unitarian, and, when preferment is about, we hope he will find his reward.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Wednesday, June 16.—House met again to-day, after Whitsun holidays. Remarkable improvement visible in appearance of Members. Bronzed cheeks, brighter eyes, more vigorous action. This only to be expected. Whitsun holidays have been two days long, and, judiciously spent on land and sea, have wrought this marvellous and happy effect. Comparatively few Members back. In the division, 162 voted, but something less than the odd sixty-two kept their seats throughout debate. The rest already entered upon electoral campaign.

A crowd of Bills on the paper, and report of Supply to be dealt with. This last involves the trifling expenditure of Twelve Millions sterling. But Members, fresh from holiday, not inclined to be cantankerous.

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate moves rapidly in and out and round about the House. The other morning, when dawn was stealing over sleeping Metropolis, he managed to tack on to quite another Bill a clause throwing costs of returning officers upon the rates. Bill comes up to-day on motion for Third Reading. Conservatives muster in all available force to throw it out. But the Sage is too many for them; the Bill passes, and the Sage smiles. "Let him laugh who wins," said JOHN MANNERS. "Thank Heaven we've a House of Lords!"

Business done.—Appropriation Bill brought in, and read First Time.

Thursday.—Here's The O'KELLY looking for CHAMBERLAIN. But that's the only sign of animation about the House. It appears that CHAMBERLAIN's been having a little correspondence with The O'KELLY, which he regards as concluded. The O'KELLY takes another view of the situation. Has a few more words to say if he can only get at CHAMBERLAIN's ear, which, in truth, he is prepared to pull. In the meantime stalks through the corridors, looking for him in the Smoking-Room, Reading-Room, and on the Terrace. Rather encourage this enterprise. Will in time work off superfluous energy. Afraid if he were to sit down now, he would spontaneously explode.

As for the House, it reaches lower depths of dulness. Winding up business of Parliament; getting ready for decent death and burial. Some inquiry about French action in New Hebrides. But Scotch Members not to be drawn into the controversy, which fades away in question and answer. JOSEPH GILLIS, taking note of the near approach of the end of all things, makes spasmodic effort to resume his older form. JOEY B., himself still clothed with the radiance of later youth, has a grievance against venerable age. "A vain old gentleman," he once called GLADSTONE, in those far-off days before peace reigned in the Irish quarter. Has now discovered a much older gentleman, who has seen fourscore years, and still draws a salary in the Irish Administration. How many hours a day does he give to the office? JOEY B. asks, with something of the old gleam in his eye, and a shadow of the old smile hovering about his lips. But it was a poor, weak effort; and having shot his dart, JOSEPH slunk away, a little ashamed of himself.

The new order of things illustrated again in respect of Appropriation Bill. Second Reading now moved. In good old times this the great opportunity for Irish Members. What long days of contention we used to have in good old times! what all-night sittings! what Saturday afternoons! and what shock to the lamented PHIL CALLAN when we sat into Sunday morning! All this changed now. Not an Irish voice uplifted in opposition to the stage. LYON PLATFAIR has it pretty well all to himself. Delivers to scantily-attended class one of those luminous lectures he sometimes interposes in the round of barren political discussion. Most excellent and eloquent disquisition on Education. "A wonderfully able little fellow, PLATFAIR," said WILLIAM AGNEW, listening with rapt attention. "Always reminds me of what SIDNEY SMITH said of JEFFREY: 'Hasn't body enough to cover his mind decently with. His intellect is indecently exposed.'"

Appropriation Bill read Second Time, Members thought they might

depart. But Whips were on sentry at the door.

A dozen Bills were dealt with, and Members didn't go home till morning.

Business done.—Quite a lot.

Friday.—House again more than half empty, and altogether dull. HARCOURT, smelling rats, took the opportunity of moving at question-time that the House, at its rising, adjourn till Monday.

"And pray why do you do that?" said HIXOLEY, a New Member, anxious for information.

"I take that course," said HARCOURT, "because matters may so arrange themselves that the proceedings might come to a conclusion with an abruptness which would prevent the formality of moving the Adjournment."



W. Agn-w.

Precaution not without justification. A lot of Bills run through. Law of Evidence Amendment Bill reached. This in charge of HENRY JAMES, who voted against Home-Rule Bill. Argal, HENRY JAMES must not prosper with any measure of his own. So Irish Members oppose. Move Adjournment—37 for adjourning, just 40 in favour. Happy thought. If the 37 walk out, and even two of the 40 fail to remain in their places, House can be Counted Out. So MOLLOY gets up and discusses the Bill. A mysterious movement takes place. Members glide out from all the benches. A count is moved. A quorum not made. House adjourns at Five Minutes past Eight, and HENRY JAMES and his Bill vanish into space.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a Third Time.

"And, pray, why do you do that?"



THE THREEPENNY SERIES.—Since one Messrs. B. and A. initiated their "Handy Volume Series," which has so many rivals but no equal for portability and legibility, the biggest books have been getting smaller and smaller, and the price diminishing proportionately. Messrs. CASSELL's "National Library Series" has lately given us the *Castle of Otranto*, *Sir John Maundeville's Travels*, and other valuable works for the "ridiculously small sum" of three-pence apiece. The old proverb was "Every Englishman's House is his Castle;" in future this will be, "Every Englishman's house has his Cassell."

PROBLEM.—HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THE LONDON HOSPITALS FOR NOTHING.—1. Tell the Hospital Collector that you now give your subscription to his hospital, and others equally deserving, in a lump sum when you go to church on Hospital Sunday. 2. Don't go to church on Hospital Sunday. Q. E. D.

CHARLES DICKENS has made a successful start with his readings from his Father's works. He will go on tour. We wish him success. "Read on, we follow thee!"—*Shakespeare, Revised Version.*

ELECTION MEM.—It's one thing to stand for a place, but quite another to sit for it.

COMPARING NOTES.

THE grand Wagner Operatic Concert given last week by the Richter Orchestra at the Albert Hall was a decided success. Such pieces as the Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and the *Walkürenritt*, or "Ride of the Walkyries" (sounds contradictory, though "The Walkyries" might do for the name of a new South Kensington Exhibition—say of fishing-tackle and pedestrian appliances, such as sticks, umbrellas, alpenstocks, &c.,—and call it "The Hookey Walkyries"), have already become old favourites. The Musical "Ride" would certainly have been ridden over again if HERR RICHTER had consulted the expressed wishes of the audience instead of his watch. The "Prize Song" from *The Mastersingers* would almost as surely have been encoored had it been sung; but MR. EDWARD LLOYD was attacked by what MR. HERMANN FRANKE termed a "sudden cold" (a cold in a Ned is a troublesome thing), and both this number and the prayer from Act V. of *Rienzi* were cut out bodily. Madame VALLERIA sang the Ballad from Act II. of *The Flying Dutchman*. It is a sea-song, introducing the German equivalent of the familiar "Yeo-ho." MR. GEORG HENSCHER (why Mr. F? But I suppose that's neither Herr nor there) gave a fine rendering of *Wotan's* farewell song to *Brünnhilde*, whom he leaves to sleep surrounded by flames. The Funeral March on *Siegfried's* death was splendidly and impressively played by the band, as was also the exciting and enthusiastic closing scene of *Tristan und Isolde*.

Nadeshda, MR. GORING THOMAS's beautiful Opera, which was produced last year by CARL ROSA, was revived on Thursday last before a crowded and enthusiastic audience. There is a good deal of inherent improbability in the story, but the main plot is a romantic and interesting one, while the music is simply magnificent. The Second Act, which introduces a merry-making of peasants in the hall of *Voldemar*, is one continuous flow of gracious and exquisitely fanciful melody, *Nadeshda's* song, "As when the Snowdrift," with its chorus by the "assistants," being as good as anything in the Opera. MR. BARTON MCGUCKIN (*Voldemar*) in thoroughly grateful music surpassed himself, as did Madame GEORGINA BURNS in the title rôle. MR. LESLIE CROTTY, as the wicked brother, *Ivan*, was realistic in his acting besides forcible in his declamation. The Contralto, Miss DICKERSON (*Princess Natalis*) was the least deserving of praise; her voice was not agreeable, and her ideas of dramatic gesture were apparently limited to a raising of the arm like a railway signal. The applause throughout the opera was freely accorded and richly deserved. Nothing better has been written for CARL ROSA since *Esmeralda*, also by GORING THOMAS. The story being a Russian one of serfs and masters, may be described as a regular knout-an'-knouter. I congratulate CARL ROSA on a splendid performance of a splendid work.

MR. JOHN THOMAS (Harpist to the QUEEN) gave a concert of harp-music on Saturday afternoon in St. James's Hall, when the price of the best seats was one guinea each. He harped a good deal on his own works, the programme of sixteen items containing no less than thirteen of his compositions or arrangements. Perhaps it was natural for him to be his own trumpeter, as MR. HARPER was not there to blow for him. About a dozen and a half other harpists assisted MR. THOMAS in some concerted pieces—their performance should be noticed by the *Band of Harp Review*—and a regular bouquet of vocal talent, including the names of Miss MARY DAVIES, Madame EDITH WYNNE, Miss GREISWOLD and MR. WINCH, contributed to make the concert pass off harpily.

If importance is to be gauged by price, the Concert of Chevalier B. PALMIERI, on Monday last, at Steinway Hall, where a guinea was charged for stalls, should not pass unnoticed. Signor ERBA, a really conscientious and capable violinist, led the string quartette, and the Chevalier manipulated the piano. This youthful Gentleman—only twenty-three in his stockings—is nephew of the Italian Astronomer who has an observatory on Mount Vesuvius. He is, besides, a very clever pianist, and has already performed before "the principal crowned heads of Europe."

HERR JOSEF LUDWIG (violinist) and Madame FRICKENHAUS (pianist) are the people to hear if you want a Concert of good chamber-music. For instance, at their last recital two pieces were performed for the first time in London—a Violin Sonata, by OLIVER KING (evidently not a Radical, or he would have changed KING into CROMWELL)—and a Septet, of exceeding interest, for the unwonted combination of oboe, clarinet, horn, violin, viola, and piano, by STEINBACH.

NIBELUNG-LEIT.

CATERING FOR THE COLINDIANS.

Random Pages from the Diary of any one of them extracted during the course of the current Week.

3 A.M.—Roused by deputation from Court of Common Council to come and see the sunrise from the top of the Blackfriars Railway Station. Up and accompany them. Soon as it is over am hurried off to the Borough Road to attend the early washing of the Greenwich Tram Car Omnibuses, and then on to *Rotherhithe*, to see how it looks before five o'clock in the morning. Do it, and being overpersuaded am shipped on board a tug, and taken down the Pool, being finally landed at Billingsgate in time to witness arrival of first consignment of fish for the day's market. Am thinking of getting away, when I am met at the entrance by the Alderman of Dowgate Ward, who invites me to breakfast with the Beefeaters at the Tower. Cannot but accept, and we sit down, six-and-thirty at table. Health proposed several times, and am booked by several City officials to visit in turn the West Indian Docks, the cellars under the Bank, the Main Sewer at Barking, the Thames Tunnel, and the Stepney Baths and Wash-houses. Make the best excuses I can and slip away, when no one is looking, and get back to my hotel slightly out of breath, and much fatigued.

9 A.M.—Find correspondence awaiting me. Fifteen invitations to City Companies' dinners, five being on the same night. Write to accept all of them. Am also asked to Garden fêtes, at nineteen country seats, and to attend the laying of seven foundation stones, the opening of a new break-water, and the inauguration of a popular Palace for Inebriates. Say "Yes" to everything, and am about to turn in to get a little rest, when the LORD MAYOR is announced with the City Maces. Have him shown in. Wants me to lunch with him in the Ball at the top of St. Paul's, but first show me the City from the knife-board of a Road Car Company's Omnibus, accompanied by the Corporation, with the stringed Band of the Royal London Artillery Company inside. Drive up and down Cheapside several times, ascending the steeples of all the City churches we come across, and finally pull up in Columbia Market, stopping on the way at the Mansion House to have the loving cup, and the statues of Gog and Magog handed out to us. Getting very tired, manage again to creep away and get back to my hotel unobserved and prepare once more to turn in.

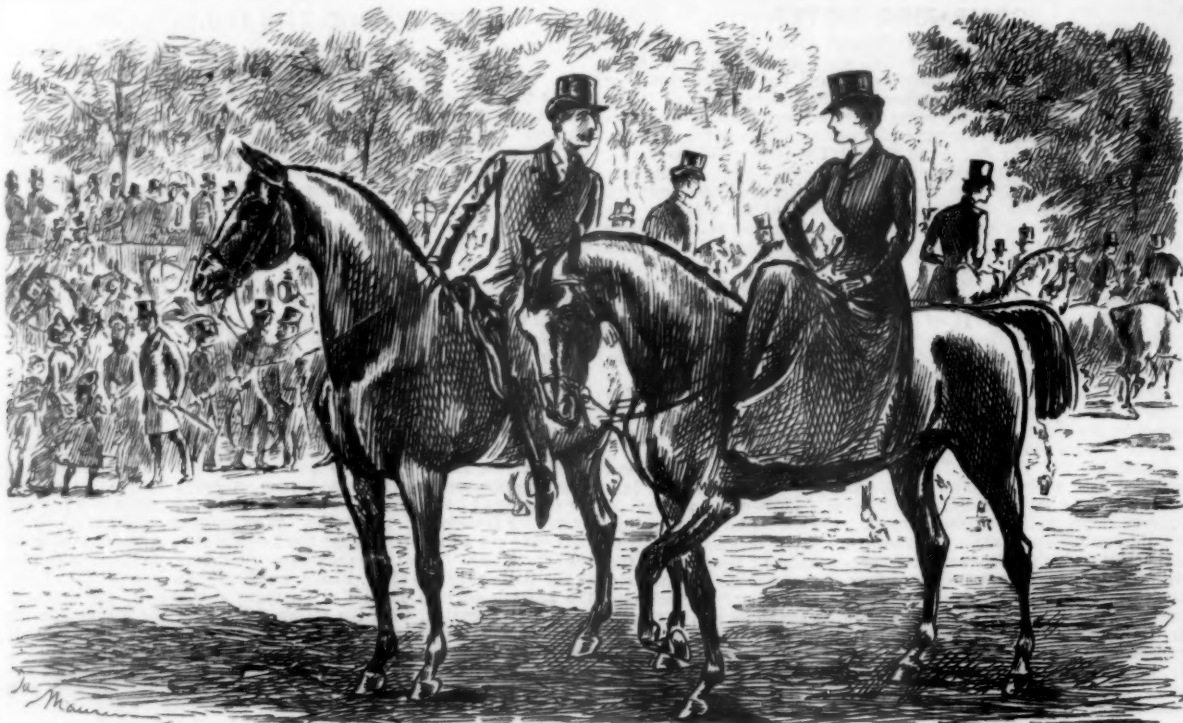
3 P.M.—Am just turning in when arrivals of Committees of several learned Societies are announced. Am invited to attend lecture on blasting powder and other explosives at Royal Institution; enter the Bengal tigers' cage, at feeding-time, at the Zoological Society's Gardens, Regent's Park; visit dissecting-room at South London Hospital, and be present at adjourned meeting of Recuperated Male-factors' Association. Am about to start to do all four of these, when I am suddenly set upon by Deputy-Chairman of Anglo-Colonial Federation, and carried off to take part in Inaugural Centennial Fête at Agricultural Hall. On the way there try to dodge the Deputy-Chairman, and escape, but can't manage it. Am no sooner there than I am spotted once more by the LORD MAYOR, who insists on my coming to five o'clock tea at the Mansion House, and am driven back in his State carriage, with his Chaplain, the City Remembrancer, and a posse of Aldermen on the roof. Shows me over Newgate, the Law Courts, *Daily Telegraph* Office, Metropolitan District Mansion House Station, and the crypt of St. Clement's Danes, as we go along. Contrive to "miss" him as we are going up the Monument stairs to see the sun set, and once more hurry back to my hotel, and, locking my door, prepare to turn in, this time dead beat.

9 P.M.—Have just settled down comfortably into a quiet doze, when I am stirred up by thundering knocking. A special Deputation from the Corporation has come to insist on my coming at once to a Fancy Ball at the Guildhall. Very sleepy. Urge that I have nothing to go in. They say, "Nonsense!" and lend me an Alderman's gown, and Sheriff's hat. Can't get out of it, and am obliged to go. LORD MAYOR immensely civil—takes me out on roof, and shows me stars through an astronomical telescope. Gives me place of honour at supper, and makes me stand up for a *Saraband* with the LADY MAYORESS, and asking me just to try a quadrille with the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, introduces me to the Authorities at the Horse Guards, the members of the Steel Institute and the Governor of Bedlam. Says I ought to see London by night, and the way to do it is to take a through ticket all round the Metropolitan Railway. Thank him for the hint, and say I'll do it. Wait till he's not looking, then bolt. He sends the City Remembrancer, and three Livermen after me to see that I don't get out of it. Give my Alderman's gown suddenly to a Policeman, then double. Manage to escape them. Get back to my hotel more dead than alive, and reach my room at last. Lock my door, and vow, whatever happens to-morrow, to avoid the "City." Drop off to sleep, and dream I'm once again a free and unhampered man—in New Zealand.

SOLUTION OF THE CRISIS.—A Dissolution.



John Thomas at the Welsh Harp taking a bar's rest.



A BUSINESS-LIKE OFFER.

The Marquis (to the Beauty). "A—LOOK HERE, YOU KNOW, IF YOU THINK YOU WOULD LIKE TO ADD MY NAME TO THE LIST OF THOSE YOU HAVE ALREADY REJECTED THIS SEASON, I'VE NO OBJECTION TO PROPOSE ON THE SPOT. BUT LET US UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER. THERE SHALL BE NO MISTAKE ABOUT THE OFFER; BUT, I SAY, BY JOVE! THERE MUSTN'T BE ANY MISTAKE ABOUT THE REFUSAL!"

"SCOTS WHA HAE!"

WILLIE GL-DST-NE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' WILLIE sped,
Scots, wham GLADSTONE aft hath led,
Welcome! Strike the Tory dead!

'Twere a glorious victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud SALISBURY's power—
Twenty years o' slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha will swell the Liberal "Cave"?
Wha'll help Erin to enslave?
Traitor! Let him join JOE C.!

Wha for Erin, brave and braw,
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
He's the lad to grip my paw—
Caledonian! on wi' me!

By HIBERNIA'S woes and pains,
By her sons in landlords' chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But she shall—she *shall* be free.

Blow the pibroch—boldly blow!
Lay the motley muster low,
CECIL proud, and artful JOE!
Forward! Let us do, or die!

ADVICE GRATIS.—Rush to the REEDS! Go and hear CORNEY GRAIN's new song about the Henley week, at St. George's Hall. It will save you the trouble of going to Henley, and give you all the pleasure at a fraction of the expense.

A HEARTY WELCOME.

Notes of it—by the way.

ARRIVED at St. Pancras to find two hundred thousand people surrounding the station in every direction. «Enthusiasm tremendous. (*Is my hat-box all right?*)» Horses taken out of carriage, which is swept by the surging multitude right into the first-class waiting-room. Am met by the Chairman and Directors of the Company, who, waving their hats on the top of their umbrellas, form a line for me to reach the pigeon-hole to pay my fare. Do it, and have my hand seized by the ticket-clerk, who refuses to let it go till I make a speech. Address him for five minutes, and tell him I must be off, because I am engaged in a great, noble, national, and Imperial undertaking. Drag myself away from him. Crowd wild with excitement. (*Hope Wife has not forgotten the pomatum-pot with voice mixture.*) Whole front of booking-office pulled down. Am carried on portions of the debris, on shoulders of porters, to my saloon-carriage. Terrible scuffle to get in, coat very nearly torn off my back. Twenty others instantly offered by crowd. Select six, and take them into carriage with me. Pressure outside indescribable. Doors give way. Carriage invaded. Climb up into the netting, and shake hands with everybody defiantly, in self-defence. Floor eventually cleared by military. (*Wife can't find sandwiches or sherry.*)

Line opened up at last, and train begins to move slowly out of the station. Appear at window, and do a few steps of Highland fling as an appropriate farewell. Rouses enthusiasm to fever-heat. Chairman of the

Company rushes along the platform, and throws a bag of buns at me, hitting me on head. (*Useful, however, if Wife has forgotten sandwiches. She can't find them. Thinks they're with the boots in the bag.*) Bow acknowledgments, and indicate, in dumb show, that I shall eat them on the way. Disappear in the distance, waving my open umbrella, and singing "Scots wha hae!" at the top of my voice. (*What does 'Wha hae' mean? Where's my Homer? 'Home Rule' and 'Homer Rule' might work into something, so HARCOURT said. How? Not in Scotland.*) When fairly out of sight, collapse. Slowly come round, and wonder whether it will be like this all the way. Rest for a little while, but find we are nearing Leicester. Prepare myself for reception by putting on a clean collar.

Train enters station amidst a free fight between the Local Authorities and Railway Officials to get at the carriage. Local Authorities carry the day, and burst in all the doors at once. (*Wife thinks 'the sandwiches must be in the dressing-bag. Where's my umbrella?'*) Harangue them to keep them off, and tell them that importing liberal principles into Leicester is like carrying coals to Newcastle.

In middle of big speech—whistle—train off. Just saved it, but barked my shins. (*Where has Wife put my books of reference, the pomatum-pot, and the sandwiches? 'Where's the Secretary? Left behind. And he's got my bag! and umbrella!'*)

Deputation at next station. Enthusiastic—no—dear me it consists of my fellow-travellers protesting against the stoppages, loss of time, and the inconvenience they suffer from being unable to get into any refreshment rooms on account of crowd. Their fault, not



THE GLADSTONE BAG-PIPES.

"SCOTS WHA HAE," &c., &c., &c.



PUBLIC ENTERTAINMENT PUZZLE. HOW TO SEE THE STAGE?

mine, I am explaining,—would offer them sandwiches if Mrs. G. could only find them. Very annoying. Station-master comes to say he can't delay train. Bouquet hits my nose—but I grasp it and am able to bow from the window—half of me being seen like a doll in a Punch show. Ask newspaper boy for *Spectator*. Have never read *Spectator*. Give boy sixpence. Train off; he throws paper into carriage. It is *The Field*. Appear at Windsor with paper in my hand, and express in pantomime that I "still hold the Field." No voice left to speak of, or to speak with.

Fall into a sweet sleep. Woke by a tremendous roar at Galashiels. Say a few well-chosen words to the crowd, and excite them to frenzy. All the windows of the carriage smashed. Strike attitude at window. Would quote *Lay of Last Minstrel*, but Wife doesn't know where she put the book. Pantomimic action does as well. Off again. Edinburgh in sight. Noise of train drowned in shouting of human voices. (At last moment found pomatum-pot among my collars. Horrid mess. Stuff melted. Sandwiches with patent leather boot varnish.) Great enthusiasm. Ovation overwhelming. Off to bed.

Shakspeare in Bavaria.

THE immortal WILLIAM has something to say even to the unfortunately over-confident Dr. GUDDEN, who perished in his attempt to prevent his royal patient drowning himself:—

"I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request."

Merchant of Venice, Act III., Sc. 3.

CONFINED TO HOLLOWAY.—Not satisfied with establishing a semi-private Lunatic Asylum—we beg pardon, "Sanatorium"—at Virginia Water, the trustees under the will of the late Professor HOLLOWAY, of happy Pill-and-Ointment memory, have built a College for the better education of women in its near neighbourhood. No doubt the idea in the revered founder's mind, when he bequeathed the twin blessings to a grateful world, was that a female, if unwilling to enter one of his institutions, thereby declared herself fit for the other. A lady will now be able to spend her entire existence in Virginia Water—say six years for learning everything in the College, and the remainder of her life, for digesting the knowledge so acquired, in "the Sanatorium." Thus the old sequence will be still preserved—first the bitter pill, and then the soothing ointment. May the Holloway venture flourish in all its branches!

THE ISLINGTON CAMPAIGN.

(From the Front Seat of War.)

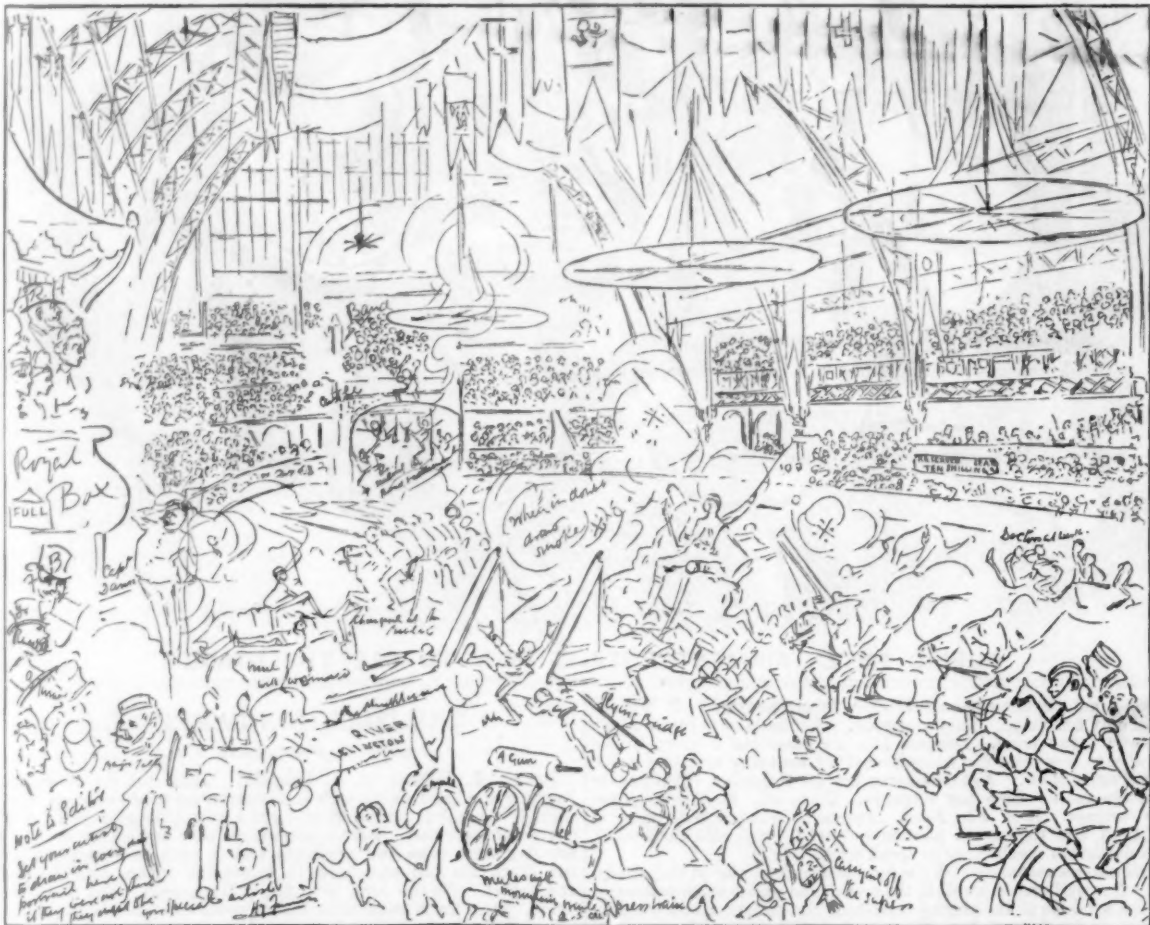
BRAVO, B. Battery of B. Brigade! They can do it—rather! Dashing at a hand-gallop with their cannon not to left of them, nor to right of them, but behind them, right between the gate-posts, without touching either. All the attractions were as great as ever. On one day there were two accidents, and in each case Captain DAWN ran down the tan and back to salute the Prince and Princess, and report, "No one hurt, your Royal Highnesses," and on we goes again. From the Musical Ride of the Second Life Guards, the civilian would be able to gather how our Household Troops behaved in Egypt. The Musical Ride in time of war must be a most useful accomplishment—that is, if the enemy has learnt it as well; but if not, they would rather put our men out.

The Cavalry displays delighted everybody. To commence with, in came furze-bushes, stuck on hurdles. I suppose these are always carried about by our troops for the purpose of hiding behind them and firing. Who was the furze't to introduce this? By the way, they won't serve for "firing" in cold weather; but that, I take it, is not their primary object. The soldiers get their horses to lie down, the audience, representing the enemy, applauding. Then the soldiers also lie down on the tan, and fire at the audience. This naturally made a hit, and that portion of the audience who were not being fired at, applauded vigorously. Up got horses, men on them, bugle sounded, off they galloped, and that scene was finished.

The Third King's Own showed how their horses were trained to carry two outside. This must be very useful after many a dinner-party. By the way, after which "Third King" were these heroes called? I ask as a civilian, and a civil question demands a military answer.

The Fifth Royal Irish Lancers came in riding gallantly—mighty fine are the O'Blazers, be dad, Sorr—apparently practising how to spear black-beetles in the tan, and then doing something with their lances as if they were fishing. Afterwards they charged; then they charged again. The Fifth cannot now adopt the proud motto, "No Extra Charge." Then some of them sat down to tea and tobacco—which raised the audience to an unprecedented pitch of enthusiasm, for an audience is always deeply interested in any eating and drinking on the stage—it is "the one touch of nature which," &c.—and one soldier walks up and down, guarding them during their repast, all the time casting hungry and thirsty glances at his messmates, while another rides away with his lance, perhaps to spear a muffin, and toast it on the spot. Not succeeding in this, he

INTERIORS AND EXTERIORS. No. 37.



THE GREAT BATTLE OF ISLINGTON.

(Fac-simile of Sketch by Our Special Artist on the Spot.)

fires a blank cartridge at nothing in particular, and returns to his comrades to tell them what he has done, which so disturbs them, that they hurriedly pack up their tea-things, mount, ride away, and then hide behind the furze, and take pot-shots at a densely crowded part of the audience labelled "Refreshment Contractors."

I did not see the Refreshment Contractors retaliate, but I think they must have done so, as one of the soldiers fell over, evidently in great pain, perhaps from a Bath-bun which had caught him right in the middle, and lodged there. What were his companions to do? No doctor or surgeon handy; still as they are Lancers, the evident answer is, "Lance him." But they don't. They take off their jackets, they make a stretcher with them and the lances, and they carry off their unfortunate companion, who all this time has been squirming about, face downwards, in the tan, in agonies of pain. He was only puttendin, and is evidently a born actor. Now, on the stretcher he is a borne-off actor. Exit the Regimental ROSCIUS. Great applause.

Then Captain TANN—I should say DANN—announces "the Tenth Prince of WALES's Own Hussars"—whereat the people cheer lustily, and great curiosity is expressed to see what tricks H.R.H. has taught his own Hussars to perform. If they had brought out ten chairs, and H.R.H. had walked into the circus, carrying a silver-mounted riding-whip, and followed by his ten highly trained Hussars, no one would have been much surprised, and the cheering would have been redoubled. However, what did happen was, that eight out of the ten Hussars (where was "the Tenth?" he was certainly announced by Captain DANN, at least, so it struck my civilised ears) enter, and are pitted against one (that makes nine—still, where's the tenth?), and this one has charge of a gun—

a cannon, I should say. Like Mr. Snodgrass out-shooting, he "lets it off," and then, not to put too fine a point upon it, hooks it. Is this what H.R.H. has taught him? Then the eight clever Hussars, observing that there is no one about, not even a policeman, bravely gallop up to the gun, capture it, and ride off with it amid the enthusiastic plaudits of the audience. Where was the tenth of the Hussars? nine were accounted for. Oh, of course H.R.H. himself is the tenth, and he taught them all this. Very pretty. But how H.R.H. finds the time to do it is a marvel to everybody.

The grand finish, the "Combined Display of all Arms," invented and arranged by Lieut.-Colonel ONSLOW, Inspector of Gymnasias for Great Britain, is so remarkable for the celerity of the performance, that Lieut.-Colonel ONSLOW ought to be properly re-named "Lieut.-Colonel On-quick," as he has trained the soldiers to camp, strike, fight a battle, build a bridge, bring in a mounted battery, scatter our enemies, confound their knavish tricks, and storm the fortress to the tune of "Rule Britannia" all in something under seven minutes. Wonderful! Back I go from DANN to Belgravia, not exclaiming that all is barren, and am yours,
CIVIS WESTENDENSIS.

It was supposed that Mr. GLADSTONE's candidature would be successfully contested in Mid-Lothian by a Conservative party of the name of WALKER. Where is that party now? Is there any opposition? And the Liberals, not the Conservatives this time, answer with a shout of "WALKER!"

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Are admitted by thousands to be worth a Guinea a Box, for Bilious and Nervous Disorders, such as wind and pain in the stomach, sick headache, giddiness, fulness and swelling after meals, dizziness and drowsiness, cold chills, flushings of heat, loss of appetite, shortness of breath, costiveness, scurvy, blotches on the skin, and all nervous and trembling sensations, &c. The first dose will give relief in twenty minutes.

Every sufferer is earnestly invited to try one box of these Pills, and they will be acknowledged to be

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

For females of all ages these Pills are invaluable. No female should be without them. There is no medicine to be found to equal BEECHAM'S PILLS for removing any irregularity of the system. If taken according to the directions given with each box, they will soon restore females of all ages to sound and robust health.

For a weak stomach, impaired digestion, and all disorders of the liver, they act like "MAGIC," and a few doses will be found to work wonders upon the most important organs in the human machine. They strengthen the whole muscular system, restore the long-lost complexion, bring back the keen edge of appetite, and arouse into action with the rosebud of health the whole physical energy of the human frame. These are "FACTS" admitted by thousands, embracing all classes of society, and one of the best guarantees to the nervous and debilitated is that Beecham's Pills have the largest sale of any Patent Medicine in the world.

Prepared only and sold Wholesale and Retail by the Proprietor,

T. BEECHAM, Chemist, ST. HELENS,

In Boxes at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

Sold by every Druggist in every Town in the Kingdom.

FULL DIRECTIONS GIVEN WITH EACH BOX.

BEST HAVANA CIGARS. AT IMPORT PRICES.

The greatest Connoisseurs, the keenest Buyers, and the best judges of value now purchase their Cigars at
BENSON'S, 61, St. Paul's Churchyard.
1s., 2s., & 2½s. per 100. Samples, 6 for 1s. (14 stamps).



IS SELF-SHINING. No brushes required. Easily applied with a sponge attached to the cork. Gives an instantaneous elastic polish lasting a week, which rain, mud, or snow does not affect. Mud can be washed off and the polish remains the same. For LADIES and GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS and SHOES of every description. RAGS, PURSES, HARNESSES, and MILITARY ACCOUTREMENTS, PATENT LEATHER, and all leather articles. Beware of imitations. The original and only WATERPROOF BLACKING is the NUBIAN. Sold everywhere.

TOHPACA,

"The Gentleman's Braces."
Self-Adjusting. No Buttons. Two Attachments only. To be obtained of all Hosiery, &c., throughout the world. Your Hosiery can procure them for you from his regular House, or of JOHN HAMILTON & Co., 7, Philip Lane, London, E.C. (Wholesale only.)



WORN BY THE BEST PLAYERS.
TEN PAIRS OF TENACIOUS are now sold to ONE PAIR of any other kind.
May be had of RANDALL'S West-End Establishment, 20, Hanover Square, West.
A sample pair sent post free for 10s. 6d. from 3d and 40, Foultry.

EAU DE SUEZ COMFORTABLE TEETH

The use of this valuable mouth wash insures ENTIRE FREEDOM FROM TOOTHACHE AND DECAY OF THE TEETH. There are three kinds, distinguished by a YELLOW, GREEN, and RED SILK THREAD attached to the bottles. That with the YELLOW stops instantly the most VIOLENT TOOTHACHE. That with the GREEN is invaluable to persons who suffer periodically from toothache, sensitiveness of the teeth and gums, decay and offensive breath, for by using a few drops in a little water to rinse the mouth daily they will not only NEVER SUFFER AGAIN, but will preserve their TEETH SOUND and WHITE TILL THE END. That with the RED is for children's use.

M. SUEZ also recommends a particularly good kind of soft Tooth-brush, made of the finest badger-hair, and his ORANGE TOOTH-PASTE for the removal of tartar and whitening the teeth.

Through any Chemist, or direct from WILCOX & CO., 230, Oxford Street, London. Green Thread, 2s. 6d.; Yellow Thread, 2s. 6d.; Red Thread, 2s. 6d. Orange Tooth-Paste, 4s. 6d. Suez Tooth-Brushes, 1s. 6d.

CAUTION.—To guard against fraudulent imitations, see that each box bears the name, "Wilcox & Co., 230, Oxford Street, London."

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ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS.

One of these Cigarettes gives immediate relief in the worst attack of ASTHMA, COUGH, BRONCHITIS, HAY FEVER, and SHORTNESS OF BREATH. Persons who suffer at night with coughing, phlegm, and short breath, find them invaluable, as they instantly check the spasm, promote sleep, and allow the patient to pass a good night. Are perfectly harmless, and may be smoked by ladies, children, and most delicate patients. In Boxes of 25 Cigarettes, 2s. 6d., from WILCOX & CO., and all Chemists.

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"EGYPTIAN BEAUTIES" CIGARETTES.

OF ALL TOBACCONISTS.

HOWARD BEDFORD SHEAF BINDERS.

The CATARRH SPECIFIC is a certain speedy cure for cold, feverish cold, cold in the head, sore throat, cold in the chest, cold in the stomach, and dispepsia inflammation immediately. Sold in 1s. packets; postage free. J. H. JESSOP, Chemist and Druggist, 140, High Street, Oxford. No Agents.

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